The Microscope.

[Vol. IV.—No 23.] *Albany, Saturday, September* 18, 1824. [Whole Number, 184.]

The third General Epistle of PETER,

TO THE PREACHERS AND RULERS OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

London: Printed for Mankind.

CHAPTER III.

The performance of Preaching.

1. When ye go to the Church to preach, go not by the retired way where go those that would shun the crowd, but go in the highway where go the multitude; and see that ye have on the robes of Black, and take heed that your pace be measured well, and that your march be stately.

2. Then shall your "hearts be lifted up," even as the hearts of mighty men shall they be lifted up. And ye shall be gazed upon by the multitude, and they shall honor you; and the men shall praise you, and the *women* shall glorify you; even by the women shall ye be glorified.

3. And when you go in, go not as go the unordained, prepared *only* with a soul to God and with a heart to men, and a spirit filled with the Holy Ghost; but go ye with your pockets full of papers and full of divine words; even in your pockets shall your Divinity be.

4. And let your Sermon be full of the "enticing words of man's wisdom," and let it be beautified with just divisions, with tropes, and with metaphors, and with hyperbole and apostrophe, and with interrogation and exclamation, and with syllogisms, and with sophisms, and throughout let declamation be.

5. And take good heed to your attitudes and your gestures; knowing when to bend, and when to be erect; when to lift your right hand, and when your left; and let all your motions be graceful; even in your *attitudes* and in your *gestures*, let your *grace* be. Thus shall ye be pleasing in the eyes of the *people* and *graceful* in *their* sight.

6. Let your voice, at times, be smooth as the stream of the valley; and soft as the breeze that waves not the bough on its bank; at times let it swell like the wave of the ocean, or like the whirlwind on the mountain top.

7. Then shall ye charm the ears of your hearers and their hearts shall be softened, and their minds shall be astounded; and their souls shall incline unto you: and the men shall incline unto you, and the likewise the women; yea, unto your sayings and unto your persons shall they be inclined.

8. And be mindful not to offend the people; rebuke ye not their sins; but when ye rebuke sin, rebuke it at a *distance*, and let no man apply your sayings to his own case; so shall he not be offended.

9. If a brother shall raise up the banner of war against brother, and christians against christians, rebuke them not: but be some of you on the one side and some on the other; and tell the one host that God is on their side, and the other host that he is on their side: so make them bold to kill. And even among swords and lances let your Black robes be seen.

10. Preach ye not "peace on earth and good will to men," but preach ye glory to the victor, and victory to the brave. (3)

11. If any man go into a foreign land and seize upon his fellow man, and put irons on his feet, and put irons on his hands, and bring him across the deep into bondage; nay, if he tear assunder the dearest ties of nature, the tenderest leagues of the human heart; if he tear the wife from the husband, and force the struggling infant from its mother's bleeding breast; rebuke him not!

12. And though he sell them into foreign slavery, to toil beneath the lash all their days; (4) tell him not that his doings are of Antichrist, for lo, he is rich and giveth unto the Church, and is esteemed pious, so shall ye not offend him, lest peradventure, he withdraw himself from your flock.

13. Still, preach ye salvation unto men—that is, salvation unto them that read the law and believe; but, unto the nations that do the law, not having seen it, preach ye damnation. (5)

14. Yet shew these things to the people at a *distance*, lest by bringing them too near ye raise alarm: howbeit, still show them that they *believe* although their understandings comprehend them not.

15. Teach them to believe that you have the care of their souls, and that the saving mysteries are for your explaining; and when you explain your *mysteries* encompass them round about with words, as with a bright veil, so bright, that through it no man can see.

16. And lo, ye shall bind the judgments of men, (and more especially of women,) as with a band of iron: and ye shall make them blind in the midst of light; even as the owl is blind in the noon day sun. And behold, ye shall lead them captive to your Reverend Wills.

Note 3—Chapter 3—Verse 10.

The Rev. J Hanne writes thus: "I was preaching one day when the Duke (Marlborough Commander) unknown to me, came to hear me. I that day desired the soldiers never to come there, *or to any place of public worship*, so as to neglect *any duty*. I exhorted them to be ready at all calls, and to obey *those who had rule over them*: and if called out to battle, to stand fast,—yea, if needful, fight up to the knees in blood. . . . And this is no ways contrary to the tenderest conscience, as many of you found at the battle of Fontenoy, when both you and I done our duty, and yet were all the time filled with *love* and *peace*, and *joy* in the Holy Ghost."

Another Rev. Divine at the battle of Waterloo writes: "I addressed my company in a few words:—Be steady and attentive to orders; put your whole trust in God's help, for he is with us; be strong and determined; use all your skill in levelling; make sure your work, and in the charge use all your strength. I felt my mind so stayed upon God that neither the thunder of the enemy's cannon and musketry, nor the boast of his guards, nor the threats of cavalry in mail, alarmed me, &c. God I knew was my Father, and shield, and refuge: my peace was made with God, having a bright evidence in my own soul, &c. I knew that while I lived I would play my part for the victory. I was praying to, and praising the King of Glory in the field of blood: I was truly in the spirit of a Christian and of a *Soldier* on the Lord's day."

Note 4—Chapter 3—Verse 12.

The practice alluded to in the text is a thing of such horrible notoriety as to need no comment. It is enough to remark that those who are deep in this sin come unreproved to the Communion Table of the Christian Church.

Note 5—Chapter 3—Verse 13.

It is the well known doctrine of Christians engaged in Indian Missionary schemes, that the souls unredeemed by an *outward* knowledge of the Bible are lost! See their writings.

[The pompous style of Mr. Walsh, the *consistent* Editor of the Philadelphia *National Gazette*, is admirably "hit off" in the following extract from the *Independent Balance*.]

Dr. Walsh's Account of his Accident.

While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Schuylkill, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profoundity. Presence of mind, in constitutions not naturally timid, is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril. Having never learned to move thro' the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished; but being for a moment raised above the element, by my struggles, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and instantly embraced the means of extrication. A cow, at the moment of my lapse, had entered the stream, within the distance of a protruded arm, and being in the act of transverse navigation, to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold on that part of the animal, which is loosely pendant behind, and formed by a continuation of the vertebræ. In this manner I was conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of progress without effort on my part, and the exhilirating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though, in some respects, I resembled the pilot of *Gyas jam senior madidaque fluens in veste*; yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncomliness of embarrassment by the insults of derision; shrieks of complorance testified sorrow for my submersion, and safety was made more pleasant by the felicitations of of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility, excited by the feculency of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her graminous digestion in a ludicrous abundance. As the cutaneous contract of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mine. Our kind hostess obligingly accommodated me with a chemise. I found it commodious, and more agreeable than many articles of fashionable drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to envelope my shoulders and bosom with a shawl, so as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the cachinations of levity in the assemblage.

WHAT I'VE SEEN.

I have seen worth humbled, and unworthiness exalted; yea, even so, that the last was first, and the first was last.

I have seen men of little intrinsic merit, rising on the tide of fortune, and running with the proper current of the day, until by dint of impudence and perseverance, they've grown into conseqence.

I have seen those who were least efficient in the times of danger, most boisterous on the subject of military achievements.

I have seen persons far more attentive to the concerns of their neighbors, than their own, and prying into private affairs for the worst of purposes.

I have seen stupidity allied to wealth, producing a display of splendid ignorance, highly disgusting to a sound judgment.

I have seen an affectation of benevolence covering the lowest cunning and darkest intrigue; yea, verily, a wolf in sheep's clothing.

I have seen a little animal so inflated with pride, as to be almost foll to bursting. It resembled a man too!

I have seen men put on airs of war and bloodshed, who would almost run from a lizard.

I have seen men who were "all things unto all men," and I have seen all men suspicious of them.

I have seen men strive to exalt one whom they knew to be unworthy, merely for the purpose of depressing a rival.

I have seen enough of this wicked world, its actings and doings, to cause me to exclaim in the language of the black man, "white folks very unsartain."

—*Jeremiah See-All.

FROM THE INDEPENDENT BALANCE.

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

NO. II.

Where is the spirit of our former days,
Which once could claim the minstrel's song of praise?
Where is the soul, so fallen and so dark,
That can't revere the memory of STARKE?*
There are, 'tis true, who damp the lambent flame
That still will hover round *his* honor'd name;
There are, who still defame their country's boast,
A hero spurn, who was himself a host;
There are who want the patriot bosom's swell
The patriot's rights, the patriot's wrongs, to tell;
Who, gasping like Camelions in the wind,
For fame would leave their honor all behind;
Whose hopes and fears rest on an earthly nod,
Alike the foes of reason, and of God!
Who'd willingly o'erturn the vault of heaven,
Could honor's name to such an act be given.
Columbia's Genius! drop thy gathering tear,
On earth such linger, and they linger *here*.
Here on thy soil, bought by the blood of those
Who dar'd to bare their bosoms to *thy* foes,
They dwell, and heedless of thy fost'ring care,
Treat with disdain thy suffering Off-spring's pray'r;
Not one desire, however just, will grant,—
'*Otium cum dignitate*' all they want!
Oh, STARKE! the verdant plains of *Bennington*
Can testify the deeds that thou hast done,
Each peeping flow'r that nature's hand displays,
Shall ever speak the 'still small voice' of praise;
Its charms shall grow luxuriant to the view,
And teach a nation what it ought to do;
To rise in beauty, and be lov'd by all,
For the best blessing of a nation's call.
Yet shall the flowret droop its weary head,
Fading and with'ring on its native bed;
Like *Public Feeling*, falling to decay
Even on the spot where first the light of day
Beam'd on its infancy—O, heaven! what e'er
From a warm soul ever, ever tear
The dear remembrance of 'departed worth,'
The boast of every age and clime on earth.
Statesmen!—ah, no! the term is misapplied,
Too near to *wisdom* Statesmen are allied,
If us'd the term—but now the scale is turn'd,
Now Folly rages where once Wisdom burn'd.
What is our patriotism for ever fled,
Buried in silence with our heroes dead?
The thought's enough to light the tomb, though dark,
And spread a halo 'round the name of STARKE.
Still let *Ingratitude* presumptous rise,
His name shall blaze, a meteor in the skies;
A fragrant flow'r cull'd from this earthly sod,
Transplanted in the garden of his God!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

* The Conqueror of the Hessians at Bennington. In his old age, Starke was doomed to taste the bitter cup of National Ingratitude. Even James Monro, the person who is now President of the United States, treated the Veteran's application with contemptuous, *patriotic* neglect!

While Mr. Monro could assist in lavishing immense sums of the national treasure upon *D D Tompkins*, not a hand could be raised to cheer the declining and impoverished days of STARKE, ST. CLAIR, &c.—*Ed.*

FROM THE NORWICH COURIER.

A RHODE-ISLAND VILLAGE.

In one of the thrifty villages in the Western part of the State of Rhode-Island, which was probably settled more than one hundred years ago, by the hardy Johnny-cake and Indian-pudding sons of nature, is situated a flourishing banking institution, which was some five or six years ago incorporated with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. This village, which is built in a rough, rocky, and sterile township, now consists of one public house, two stories high, the keeper of which is the Hon. Constant Trusty, who is also President of the Bank and Justice of the Peace. In one corner of the bar is located the strong vault in which all the precious treasures of the bank are closely locked. There, at all hours of the day, stands either the Cashier or the public's humble servant, the Landlord, President, &c. ever ready at a moment's warning to discount their neighbors' notes, or to fill a bumper of sling, or a glass of pure New-England Rum, or real Country Gin. In addition to this tavern and banking-house, three humble dwellings, a grocery store, a blacksmith's and a cooper's shop are all that compose this village. No meeting-house, with its lofty spire pointing to heaven, has ever been erected—and seldom, if ever, is seen among them an individual clothed in the sable garb of divinity, to point out to these humble villagers the only straight and narrow path which lead them to the realms of everlasting bliss. In one of the dwellings lives 'Squire Jennings, who for the last fifteen or twenty years has held the office of Town Clerk, and who has had the honor to frequently represent his town in the General Assembly. In another resides the Grocer, who is also Selectman, Constable, Collector of Taxes, and Hogreeve. The third is occupied by the Blacksmith and the Cooper. These are all cultivators or rather runners-over of the soil; for tillage among them is in a low state—not a farm in their society produces the one half which it might be made to do with proper attention. In the Blacksmith's shop the working of the bellows and the sound of the hammer is but seldom heard, and seldomer still is the rattlety clatterty music of the setting of a hoop on some musty cider cask or dry pork barrel sounding in the ears of the inhabitants. We have been thus particular in describing the village, to show how several of the banks in Rhode-Island are located.

Our hero, the tavern-keeper, Justice of the Peace, President of the Bank, &c. &c. is in his person rough and ordinary, gross in his manners, and to appearance, a second backwoodsman. Great must be the imagination of a stranger to ever suppose him to be the dignitary which he really is, and not much less so, to believe him capable of being an accomplished rogue. But it so happened while on one of his excursions, in running from bank to bank, (in imitation of New-York Bankers,) carrying home their paper and receiving other funds, that one of the shoes on his horse worked loose. He accordingly stopp'd at a blacksmith's shop in Connecticut to have it set, which was promptly done, and to pay the Knight of the hammer for his services, he took from his fob a small note on the bank of which he is President, but which had only been signed by the Cashier. The Blacksmith received it, and after examining it for some time, he looked up with apparently much wisdom, and pronounced the bill spurious, as it had not the signature of the President. "Ah!" said President Trusty, "if that is all that is wanting I can soon sign it." The Blacksmith accordingly handed him a pen, and he affixed his signature. And to further excite the suspicion of this son of Vulcan, he carefully took from the folds of his garments a large roll of those bills; and said, "here is three thousand dollars, which I can soon sign and have ready for market." This was sufficient to confirm the blacksmith in his opinion that his customer was a counterfeiter; and what to do, he knew not; but no time was to be lost—the counterfeiter had already mounted his gig, and drove off with great rapidity in the direction for this place. The blacksmith ran from neighbor to neighbor, and after summoning a half a dozen true and trusty friends, they met in council, and on hearing the momentous tale, they one and all instantly pledged themselves, to pursue the chase, and take if possible their culprit; and after speeding their way fifteen or twenty miles like hounds in

Dorp, Sept. 10.

When I see a *wifeless* Justice exerting himself to a great degree, to become acquainted with the Duanesburgh *faction* and chiefly with our Canal Collector, I guess he wants to be Member of Assembly; and I will bet *my-ears*, if he is a candidate for that office, he will come out at the same end of the horn the *Caledonian* did last year. I guess, moreover, he will be *myr-d* up to his gambol joints before the time comes.

When I hear of a certain *miser*, who is the Treasurer of the funds of the Mohawk Bridge, refusing to accept *shiners* that are clipped, or *holy*, I guess he intends to make a preserve of the funds in the same manner he does with the pennies he brings home in the silk bag from the musical church.

When I hear of the "Invincible Greys" going to Niskayuna, at the last company training, to enlist a few men, instead of remaining in the city to show themselves, and taking with them a musician and allowing him but four shillings for his trouble, I guess they begin to think that it is needless to try to out-do the "*City Guards*," and that they yield to them; and I guess, as the old saying is, that *Paddy* was after paying the whole shot and will do it forever hereafter.

When I hear of a certain young man, who refused to come out in uniform at the last company training, giving an excuse that he was concerned with the mail, and, instead of attending to his business, strutting about near the parade ground for the purpose of interrupting a couple of officers, by throwing sticks and squibs at them, I guess he would be more profitable on the farm. I guess, too, he will have to prove what he says at the next Court Martial.

When I hear of a certain infant disciple of Esculapius who turned out as a *ragamuffin* at the last company training, and behaved himself as such by insulting his superiors with all the crack-jawed language which he brought from *Goat-in-gin*, I guess he and his companions will have to toe the mark at the next Court Martial.

When I see a young man who, at the last company training, armed himself with a shot-bag, bottle, and a gun about twelve feet long, I guess he thought as *Governor Hardenbergh* did, that he was about attacking the *anamy*: but I guess he would not answer for a soldier on account of his upper parts being somewhat affected, and that is the cause of his talking without sense or meaning.

When I see a gang of men making it a practice to visit "*Old Put's*," to amuse themselves with bits of paper with black and red spots on them, I guess what a young lady told me a few days ago is true—that when she listened at the window, *Hanipple's* was the trump which gave rise to great dispute.

When I see damsels continually spinning street yarn, and attending every ball which happens within the five counties, I guess it is about time for them to discontinue their rambles, as old age is fast approaching; and I guess many a Goat-in-ginian has forsaken them since they have become members of the great list.

When I see a set of young ladies who frequent the Methodist Church very often, for no other purpose but to cast a "sheep's eye" at the Ugly Club of ruffians who are constantly there, and to hear the *nasal* organ which is always in motion, I guess it would be advisable for their parents to be more careful with their children and inquire who they associate with from church homeward, and to train them up in the way they should go.

When I see an important center Justice, who thinks he gives great and decisive decisions when seated in the *Three-Cornered Court*, I guess if he does justice to the people of this place, he ought to take longer time to make up his witty decisions and not deliver them in such great haste and be partial besides. JONATHAN.

MANUFACTORY OF

Silver Work and Jewelry.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture articles in the above line of busines as usual, at *No. 34 South Pearl-street*, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

JOHN W. H. CANOLL.

N. B. Jobs appertaining to his business, done at the shortest notice, and as low as can be afforded in the city.

Albany, April 17, 1824.

REDGAUNTLET,

A NEW NOVEL, by the Author of Waverly, just received, and for sale, by

S. W. Johnson, Jun.

No. 385 S. Market-street.

THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.

A Picture.

To Hendrickson's office, there came, t'other day,
Three chaps who for fortune were seeking;
And they reasoned correctly, each one sure will say—
She is not to be caught without speaking.

So they spoke for a ticket, and cut it in shares;
And what think ye?—enough 'twas to rouse one:
In a few days this message saluted their ears:
"Sir, your ticket is a prize of *ten thousand!!!*"

To Hendrickson's office then hie thee with speed,
Where gold he deals out like Peruvian miners;
There a Prize-chest you'll find—'tis a *Prize*-chest indeed,
And the *Genius of Money* is counting out shiners.

This *Genius of Money's* a true business man,
And if you'd deal with him, you'd better come quick sir;
And now to induce you to come if we can
We'll give you a glimpse of his beautiful picture.

HERE HE IS.

Literature Lottery,

CLASS NO. 2, FOR AUGUST, 1824.

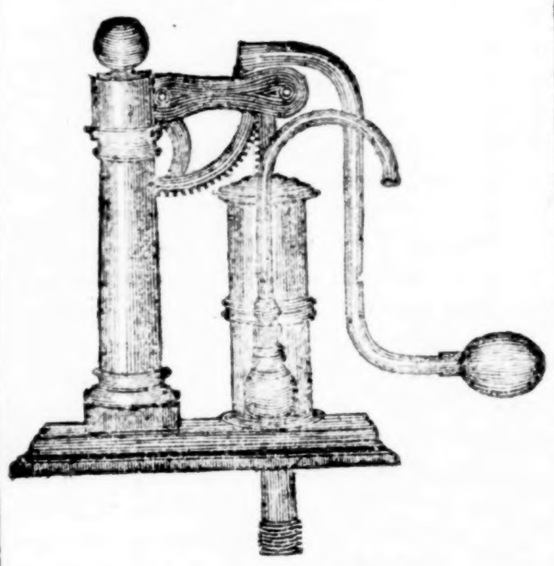
To be drawn on the 20th of October, 1824.—60 numbers, 9 ballots to be drawn.

For the $20,000, $10,000, $5,082, $1000, and other high Prizes, apply to G. R. HENDRICKSON,

At the Corner of State and South Market Street.

☞ Most kinds of uncurrent notes taken at par. Present price of Tickets $6. Orders for Tickets or Shares promptly attended to, and prize Tickets in any of the authorized Lotteries of New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, received the same as cash for Tickets in this Class.

ALBANY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1824.



S. RISK'S

IMPROVED Rack and Box ALE AND CIDER PUMPS, with apparatus complete, and warranted to perform well, for sale cheap by the subscriber.

The above Pumps are manufactured in the village of Poughkeepsie, and are very much approved of, for their simplicity and superior workmanship. They will be sold at the manufacturer's price. C. N. BEMENT.

Albany, Sept. 4. *No. 1, Green-st*

Brainard's Bridge Hotel.

HALF-WAY HOUSE, between Albany and Pittsfield, by way of Lebanon Springs.—Spacious, airy and commodious. By

JOHN L. DOOLITTLE.

Nassau (Brainard's Bridge,) July 10. tf

New-York State LITERATURE LOTTERY,

CLASS NO TWO—FOR AUGUST, 1824.

Will be drawn on the of October next, and finished in a few minutes.

John B. Yates and Archibald M'Intyre *Managers.*

SELLING SCHEME.

1	prize of	$20,000	is	$20,000
1		10,000		10,000
1		5,082		5,082
20		1,000		20,000
20		500		10,000

besides a large number of 200, 100, 60, &c. &c. Packages, tickets, and shares, for sale by

R. THOMPSON,

No. 549 South Market-street, Albany.

Orders inclosing cash, (post paid,) promptly attended to. Present price of tickets, $6; shares in proportion.

August 28.

SAMUEL HUMPHRIES,

Physician & Surgeon.

NO. 31 S. PEARL,

Near the corner of Hudson-street

E. G. GRACIE,

No. 10 Washington-street,

HAS constantly on hand, and for sale by the tierce, barrel, or less quantity, pure

Spermaceti Lamp Oil,

warranted to be of the best quality, perfectly free from nauseous smell and smoke, which is not the case with common oil.

Also, a general assortment of LAMPS; Lamp glasses of all kinds; Lamp wicks of all sizes; Wax tapers, &c.; comprising all the articles to make a safe, cheap, and excellent light. Families that use lamps with pure oil, will be pleased with the utility and economy. *Also—for sale*, Neats-foot, Sea-Elephant, and British Oil; Sweet Oil, Paint Oil, Spirits of Terpentine, Oil of Spike, Haerlem Oil, Sperm Candles, Opodeldoc, Glauber salts, Brimstone, Copperas, Saltpetre, Allum, Camphor, Alcohol, Red Precipitate, Chalk, Rosin, Indigo, Starch, Black Lead, Flour Sulphur, Litharge, Balsam, Sulphur, Fir, and Copavai, Spirits Nitre, &c.—Together with an assortment of

CHOICE GROCERIES,

Viz.—Old Cogniac Brandy, Jamaica Spirits, Holland Gin, Peach Brandy, Irish Whiskey, Cider Brandy, Port, Madeira, Sherry, Colmenar, Current, and Malaga Wines, Teas, Loaf, Lump, and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Chocolate, Molasses, Rice, Soap and Candles, Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Citron, Cinnamon, Raisins, Currants, Lemons, Almonds, and a general assortment of common Liquors.

Just received—a fresh supply of DUNLOP'S VEGETABLE PASTE BLACKING, which is known to be the best in use, and will be sold by the gross or single dozen.

Albany, June 26. tf

Shavings Bank.

C. G. WOOD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his *Shavings Bank* is now in successful operation, with the requisite *capital* for such an institution, on the corner of Hudson and Dock streets, where *deposits* will be thankfully received, and *discounts* made at all reasonable hours. And he trusts the public will find it more to their comfort and advantage, to patronize his establishment, than they generally do by dealing with *sharing institutions* of another character

N. B. This Bank can boast another peculiarity, as it was established without the aid of *bribery* and *corruption*; though it may have required the influence of some *soft soap*. Gentlemen will therefore find it creditable as well as profitable to hold a *share* of the *stock*; as it will serve to keep their *faces* above *par*. Books opened for *subscriptions* as above.

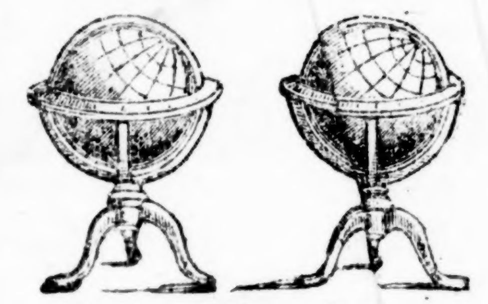
August 7, 1824.

New Grocery Store.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,

Corner N. Pearl and Maiden-Lane,

HAS opened a Store for the sale of genuine GROCERIES, where every article offered for sale, will be warranted of the first quality. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. *July, 1824* 39tf



Globe Manufactory.

James Willson & Sons,

Manufacture, at No. 110 Washington-street, Albany, GLOBES of the following dimensions:

13 inch Globes, mounted on mahogany pedestal stands, with compasses.
Ditto, mahogany and curly-maple turned frames with compasses.
Ditto, common low frames, without compasses.
9 inch Globes, common frames.
3 inch Globes, with fancy mountings.

*** A recent and improved edition of the above Globes, from a new engraving, claims a preference to those of foreign production, as the publishers have aimed at every possible accuracy in delineation, particularly in the geography of our *own country* and the western hemisphere, which, on British Globes, is much neglected and too incorrect for the interest and edification of the American geographer.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

PETER FRYER,

No. 42 State-street,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the community, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by H. Jenkins, where he has just received an extensive assortment of goods in his line.

N. B. Jobs neatly and speedily executed, and watches repaired at the shortest notice.

Albany, June 26

SONG.

Air, "*The Meeting of the Waters.*"

Tommy Trim was a young man of fashion and note,
'Twas his pride and his glory to look neat and prim,
His boots black'd and shining, not a speck on his coat—
But his hat was ill shapen, with a large slouching rim.

Tom's person was handsome, and graceful his mein—
He would bow to the ladies in masterly style,
But somehow or other, 'twas plain to be seen,
Whene'er he approach'd it excited a smile.

'Twas the smile of derision, for wh[illegible] was meant
He could not conjecture, though [illegible]zzled his brain—
So sped his way home, to the mi[illegible] went,
And view'd himself over and ov[illegible]ain.

It happen'd just then that his friend [illegible]y [illegible]wn
Wore a beautiful hat from J. [illegible]
store;
'Twas an elegant shape, neat rim an[illegible]
With rich glossy nap, and bright [illegible]

Tom quick took the hint, doff'd [illegible] haste,
And one from John Mayell's sto[illegible]
his crown;
The ladies admire him, for neatness an[illegible]
For there's none wears a handsomer ha[illegible] town.

Gentlemen who are desirous of procuring genteel and tasty hats, are invited to call and examine the stock of the subscriber at the new store, No. 383 S. Market-street, next from the corner of State-street and opposite the Bank of Albany.

JOHN MAYELL.

Sept. 4.

New-York State LITERATURE LOTTERY,

Class No. 2—for August, 1824.

Will be drawn on the day of October next, and finished in a few minutes.

60 *numbers—nine ballots to be drawn.*

John B. Yates, and A. M'Intyre, Managers.

SELLING SCHEME

1	prize of	$20,000	is	$20,000
1		10,000		10,000
1		5,082		5,082
20	prizes of	1,000		20,000
20		500		10,000
41		200		8,200
51		100		5,100
51		60		3,060
1,724		12		20,808
11,475		6		68,850

Packages, Tickets, and Shares, for sale by

C. JOHNSON,

393 South Market-street, Albany.

*** Orders (post paid) enclosing cash, will be promptly attended to.

Present price of Tickets $6—Shares in proportion.

A considerable portion of this lottery is put up in parcels of 20 tickets, embracing all the combination numbers from 1 to 60, which parcels are warranted to draw at least $54, subject to the usual deduction of 15 per cent, with so many chances for the capital prizes.

C. JOHNSON, congratulates those who purchased tickets of him in the last class, on their good luck in obtaining the following prizes, viz. 2 of $500, 2 of $200 and 2 of $100, together with a large number of smaller ones. The fortunate holders are requested to call and receive their cash. Aug. 28.

The Microscope

Is published every Saturday, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, (*up stairs.*) Terms—THREE DOLLARS a year, *payable in advance.*

The [illegible]

VOL. IV.—No. 33.] Alb[illegible]

To the Editor of the Columbian Magazine:

SIR—I have seen a piece upon the custom of *White-Washing*, in which that necessary duty of a good house-wife, is treated with unmerited ridicule. I should probably have forgot the foolish thing; but the season approaching, which most women think suitable for cleansing their apartments of the smoke and dirt of the winter, I hear this saucy author dished up in every family, and his flippant performance quoted whenever a wife attempts to exercise her reasonable prerogative or execute the duties of her station.

Women generally employ their time to better purpose than in scribbling. The care and comforts of a family rest principally on their shoulders. Hence it is that there are but few female authors; and the men, knowing how necessary our attentions are to their happiness, take every opportunity of discouraging literary accomplishments in the fair sex. We hear it echo'd from every quarter—"My wife cannot make verses, it is true; but she can make an excellent pudding—she can't correct the press; but she can correct her children, and scold her servants with admirable discretion—she can't unravel the intricacies of political economy and federal government; but she can knit charming stockings." And this they call praising a wife, and doing justice to her good character.

I say women generally employ their time to better purpose than in scribbling; otherwise this facetious writer had not escaped so long unanswered. We have ladies who sometimes lay down the needle and take up the pen; I wonder none of them have attempted some reply. For my part I do not pretend to be an author: I never appeared in print in my life, but I can no longer forbear saying something in answer to such impertinence.

Only consider, Mr. Editor, our situation. Men are naturally inattentive to the decencies of life; but why should I be so complaisant? I say they are naturally nasty beasts. If it were not that their connection with the refined sex polished their manners, and had a happy influence on the general economy of life, these lords of the creation would wallow in filth, and populous cities would infect the atmosphere with their noxious vapours. It is the attention and assiduity of the women that prevent men from degenerating into swine.

How important, then, are the services we render! And yet for these very services we are made the subject of ridicule and fun—Base ingratitude! nauseous creatures! Perhaps you may think I am in a passion. No, Mr. Editor, I do assure you I was never more composed in my life; and yet it is enough to provoke a saint to see how unreasonably we are treated by the men. Why, now, there's my husband, a good enough sort of a man in the main, but I will give you a small sample of him. He comes into the parlour, the other day, where, to be sure, I was cutting up a piece of linen. "Lord," says he, "what a clutter here is—I cannot bear to see the parlour look like a taylor's shop—besides, I am going to make some important philosophical experiments, and must have sufficient room." You must know my husband is one of your would-be philosophers. Well—I bundled up my linen as quick as I could, and began to darn a pair of ruffles, which took up no room, and could give no offence. I was determined, however, to watch my lord and master's important business. In about half an hour the tables were covered with all manner of trumpery—bottles of water, phials of drugs, pasteboard, paper, and cards, glue, paste, and gum-arabic, files, knives, scissors, and needles, rosin, wax, silk, thread, rags, jags, tags, books, pamphlets, and manuscripts.—Lord, bless me! I am almost out of breath, and yet I have not enumerated half the articles. Well! to work he went, and although I did not understand the object of his manœuvres, yet I could sufficiently discover that he did not succeed in any one operation: I was glad of that—yes, I confess, I was glad of that—and good reason too. After he had fatigued himself with mischief, like a monkey in a china shop, and had called the servants to clear every thing away, I took a view of the scene before me. I shall not even attempt a minute description—suffice it to say, that he had overset his inkstand, and stained my best mahogany table with ink; he had spilt a quantity of vitriol upon my carpet, and

burned a hole in it; [illegible] all over spotted with [illegible] broken three china c[illegible] a tumbler, and one [illegible] and after all, as I sa[illegible] that he had not succe[illegible] ration. By the bye[illegible] white-wash scribbler[illegible] by which our closets [illegible] "halves of china bo[illegible] "broken wine glasse[illegible] "stoppers of departe[illegible] I took a sober view [illegible] tation my philosophic[illegible] and there I sat, *lik*[illegible] *ment, smiling at gri*[illegible] wardly—yes, Mr. [illegible] wardly; I would a[illegible] ted rosin had been [illegible] vitriol upon his skin [illegible] hearth and my carp[illegible] women have no con[illegible] feelings; for notwith[illegible] vocation I said nothi[illegible] I only observed, ver[illegible] dy of my acquaint[illegible] the reason why phil[illegible] *erary* men, is becau[illegible] a great *litter*—not [illegible] er, the servant clear[illegible] the disappointed [illegible] dropt in soon after[illegible] how do you do?" [illegible] most fatigued to d[illegible] the morning maki[illegible] ments." I was no[illegible] to smother a laugh, [illegible] fore to contain my[illegible] *cious* went out soo[illegible] and I, as you may [illegible] ly mustered all my [illegible] ets, soap, sand, lin[illegible] shells—all the pow[illegible] employed. I was [illegible] sopher of the two, [illegible] ceeded, and his did [illegible] except my broken [illegible] poor vitriolized ca[illegible] a mournful memen[illegible] or rather of philoso[illegible]

This operation [illegible] came my *experim*[illegible] with all the indiffe[illegible] he had invited six[illegible] him at three o'cloc[illegible] I complained of th[illegible] poh!" says he, "y[illegible] ton, and a loin of [illegible] tatoes, and it will [illegible] vens! what a cha[illegible] losopher be!—A [illegible] veal, and potato[illegible] er I should laugh [illegible] was no time for de[illegible] hour and a half [illegible] in. My carpet, w[illegible] cause of experim[illegible] morning, was des[illegible] honored in the aft[illegible] thy tobacco juice. [illegible] chewers, love seg[illegible] carpets.

Think, Mr. E[illegible] endure under such [illegible] after all to be re[illegible] ness, and to hav[illegible] scourings, and sc[illegible] of public ridicule, [illegible] put up with.

What I have no[illegible] specimen of the [illegible] the boasted supe[illegible] will not be laug[illegible] A woman wou[illegible] than *slut*; as a [illegible] a *knave* than *fo*[illegible]

I had a great [illegible] called away. [illegible] *white-wash*—yes[illegible] brushes are read[illegible]—my husband is[illegible] ter; when one is[illegible] the first dirty th[illegible] husband. I am[illegible]

Yo[illegible]

Written on hea[illegible] *sara, in* [illegible]

Ipsara! thy glory [illegible]
The dark clouds [illegible]
The Cross in its b[illegible]
And the wave ro[illegible]
shore!

Ipsara! the sons o[illegible]
And they rais'd o[illegible]
sign;